Make Me Behave (Like an Animal)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/59719990.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Prison Sex, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Dubious Consent, Mating Cycles/In Heat, Mating Bites, Vaginal Sex, Rough Sex, the consent is more than a little dubious on this one jsyk, at least at first
Language:	English
Series:	Part 9 of Raindrop Stories
Stats:	Published: 2024-10-13 Words: 3,907 Chapters: 1/1

Make Me Behave (Like an Animal)

by sourweather

Summary

When Hannibal's Heat hits while he's in prison, the BSHCI Staff sends in a professional Alpha to service him. Unfortunately, no one is prepared for how they react to one another.

Notes

idk alpha will makes my brain go brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr and something about hannibal getting fucked while hes in the bite mask is a vibe

See the end of the work for more notes

“He should be here any minute now.”

Hannibal casts Alana a withering glare from where he kneels on the floor of his cell. She stares back at him through the glass, her once-friendly face turned frigid by his own influence. There had been a time that he would’ve considered her to be a paragon of fairness, sympathy, ethics. He’s drained her of that. He’d like to drain more from her.

He shifts on his knees, grimacing at the all-encompassing discomfort. His breaths are oppressively hot and humid, caged within the hard plastic of his bite mask. Sweat runs in great drops down his face, soaks the armpits of his jumpsuit, prickles at the insides of his knees. Hannibal twitches, desperate to mop his brow. His arms are bound tightly within a standard-issue straitjacket, though, completely immobilizing him. He leans forward, pressing his temple to the cool glass in a feeble search for relief.

“Don’t give me that look,” Alana snaps, utterly unmoved. “You brought this on yourself. If you’d just taken your suppressants, you wouldn’t be here right now.”

Hannibal fights to swallow, but his throat has gone dry. “If I could trust you not to tamper with my medications, I would have taken them.”

Alana narrows her eyes, watching him from above. Hannibal’s limbs have begun to shake. A humiliating wet patch has formed on the crotch of his jumpsuit, the slick-soaked linen chafing against his inner thighs. It’s been years since Hannibal last endured a Heat, if not over a decade. The debauchery of such a thing was enjoyable enough. The indulgence, the pleasure. But he was wary of the vulnerability that came along with it. The idea of another person, left to their own devices in Hannibal’s home while he was too dazed to protect himself— it was simply too risky.

Though now, he supposes he has nothing to hide.

“Leave me,” he demands weakly. A powerful cramp in his abdomen makes him want to double over, his body making its displeasure with such a request abundantly clear. “Send the Alpha away, leave me.”

Alana shoves her hands into her pockets, cocking her weight onto one hip. “The law mandates that all incarcerated Omegas in Heat be serviced by a professional Alphan attendant. Denying you that service would be considered cruel and unusual punishment.”

Hannibal musters a pained smile behind his mask. “Many things between us have been both cruel and unusual, Alana,” he muses. “Is that what this is really about? There was a time that you were the one who served me, so to speak.”

She sneers, but before she can let loose that clever tongue of hers, two guards enter the room. Another pair unlock the door on Hannibal’s side of the glass, visibly ready for violence despite the fact that Hannibal is effectively in a heap on the floor.

“Doctor Bloom,” one of the men on her side says, casting an anxious look Hannibal’s way before speaking. “The attendant is here.”

A growl rumbles in the back of Hannibal’s throat, but Alana ignores him. “Send him in.”

Hannibal keeps his eyes fixed stubbornly on the floor, when the doors open again. The holes in the wall of his cell have been fitted with filters, ostensibly to keep the scent of Hannibal’s Heat safely inside where it can’t agitate passing orderlies. But it also limits Hannibal’s own senses. The Alpha enters, and Hannibal flairs his nostrils, but he smells nothing.

“Thank you so much for coming, Mister Graham,” Alana says above him. “You came very highly recommended.”

A pair of polished brown boots enters Hannibal’s vision. The attendant nears the wall, drops to a crouch. “When did the symptoms start?”

It’s his voice that makes Hannibal look up. The sound of it is like a breeze on his neck, it makes him shudder. His gaze flits up to the attendant’s face, and Hannibal’s breath catches.

The Alpha on the other side of the glass is almost impossibly beautiful, with dark curls and steely blue eyes. He looks Hannibal in the eye, flashes a lopsided smile.

“Hello.”

Hannibal’s hackles raise. He hisses, snapping his caged teeth at the attendant. Graham doesn’t even blink. He cocks his head to the side, observing Hannibal with an almost playful curiosity. Hannibal wants to cave his skull in.

“Yesterday afternoon,” Alana replies. “His Heats were dormant prior to incarceration, so we weren’t sure when to expect it until it happened. I apologize for not making a reservation in advance.” She clears her throat, raises her voice. “Hannibal, this is your attendant, Will Graham. He specializes in servicing the most aggressive, volatile Omegas in the system, so you should be in capable hands.”

Graham’s brows furrow a little as Alana speaks, observing Hannibal even more closely than before. “Is he... lucid?” he asks her. He lifts a finger, drifts it back and forth in Hannibal’s eye line to gauge if Hannibal can track it.

“Always,” Hannibal replies before Alana can, and Graham looks surprised. Pleased.

He chuckles. “Well, I’ve never had a lucid client before. This should be interesting.”

“You’ll find, Mister Graham, that I always keep my wits about me.” It’s said as coldly as he can manage in this state, but again Graham fails to react. He stands with a slight grunt, and Hannibal watches him as he rolls out his shoulders.

“I’ll need him unbound,” he says, entirely nonchalant. Hannibal nearly laughs. Oh, he’s going to rip this man to *shreds.*

Alana, predictably, balks at the request. “Absolutely not.”

Graham huffs slightly. “I understand the necessity of the bite mask, but the straitjacket has to go. I don’t care what sort of threat he is, I don’t do restraints.”

“Mister Graham, I don’t mean to question your methods, but Hannibal Lecter has killed-”

“I’m well aware of his crimes,” he interrupts. His jaw has gone tight, anger held hostage just beneath his surface. A rush of slick floods Hannibal’s cunt, and Hannibal grits his teeth in frustration. “With all due respect, Doctor Bloom, *you* are not my client. Hannibal is, and I’m fairly certain he’d prefer to be comfortable during this process.”

The sound of his name in Will Graham’s voice does things to Hannibal that seem completely unfair. His skin tingles, his teeth ache. He may not get an opportunity to rip Will’s throat out with his mouth, like this, but he’ll make the best of tearing it apart with his claws instead.

Alana stares at Will for a moment, searching for weakness in his flawless face. Eventually, she looks away to address her staff.

“Unbind him,” she says, nearly petulant. The guards on Hannibal’s side of the glass move to comply, making quick work of the restraints. Will nods once, satisfied as Hannibal’s arms fall heavily to his sides. Hannibal scrubs sweat from the hollows beneath his eyes, shakes the pins and needles from his forearms.

“I’m assuming you’ve familiarized yourself with the section of my contract dedicated to privacy.”

Hannibal sees how Alana’s eyelid twitches. Will does, too, but he merely awaits her answer.

“There will be guards waiting right outside the door. Just shout for them if you feel unsafe, and they’ll get you out. All other staff members will make themselves scarce for the duration of your treatment, per your specifications.” Her mouth twists, she speaks a bit more candidly. “Mister Graham, I would really recommend allowing a member of my security team inside with you. Hannibal has been known to be extremely unpredictable, and in this state, we really can’t be sure what he’s capable of.”

Hannibal remains carefully still. Really, he shouldn’t murder Will Graham. He may have avoided the death penalty during his first trial, but it still wasn’t a process he’d particularly like to repeat. But every cell in his body is aching, howling with a primal, irresistible need. Blood would be spilled today, of that much he was unwaveringly certain.

Will would be wise to take Alana’s advice, but Hannibal isn’t surprised when the attendant shakes his head. Alphas have a rather unfortunate habit of overestimating their own abilities, artificially inflating their egos to insufferable levels. Either Will Graham is incredibly cocky, or he’s much more fearsome than he looks, because he simply smiles sardonically and says “I came highly recommended for a reason, Doctor Bloom. I assure you, I can handle myself.”

And then, as if he hadn’t already earned his impending evisceration thrice over, Will looks to Hannibal with the most awful, smug expression he’s ever seen. “Can you undress yourself, or do you want me to do it for you?”

Hannibal hates how he shivers. No one has touched him since his arrest, beyond the perfunctory hands of BSHCI staff strapping him into various restraints. He glances at Will's hands, strong and knobbly and work-worn. Unbidden, Hannibal imagines them against his fevered skin, pushing fabric aside to reveal the flesh waiting beneath.

He growls, mostly at his own traitorous mind. "I'm perfectly capable of doing it on my own," he bites, and Will has the absolute gall to smile.

"Good," he says. Hannibal bites his lip to keep from whimpering. "Then I'll see you in a few minutes."

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Hannibal stares at the narrow door that leads into his cell. Graham is on the other side, giving hushed instructions to the guards standing just outside. He waits, appearing as patient as he can, his hands clasped behind him to dispel any illusions of shame. He's nude, inner thighs already tacky with slick.

His knees threaten to buckle when the door finally opens. Graham steps inside, already undressed. The Alpha's cock hangs between his legs, intimidating even in its barely aroused state. He's a stunning specimen, one that Hannibal would have been tempted to draw had they met under different circumstances.

It isn't Will Graham's *appearance* that has Hannibal trembling where he stands.

Through the holes in his mask, Hannibal drags in a lungful of the Alpha's scent. It's sharp—cold blades and warm blood and a burst of forest air. In a word, Will Graham smells like freedom.

Something flares in Graham's eyes, too, as they regard one another. Something heated, something dark. Hannibal tips his head to the side, showing his throat just to see what the Alpha will do. He doesn't take the bait, naturally. He's a professional. But Hannibal sees him run his tongue over the tips of his fangs. Graham's cock twitches, the room seems to turn hotter.

Naughty boy.

For a few long moments, the two of them simply stare. Graham stays close to the wall, watching Hannibal from afar. Hannibal realizes that he's trying to set him at ease, letting the Omega come to him rather than trying to chase him down.

Hannibal snarls, somehow both enraged and aroused in the face of Graham's arrogance, his absolute certainty that Hannibal will surrender to him. He lunges for the Alpha, then, sending them both crashing into a heap on the hardwood floor. Hannibal lands harshly on his knees, doubtlessly bruising them in the process. Graham is worse for wear, though. The back of his skull bounces off the boards, dazing him for a precious handful of seconds. Hannibal tries to seize his opening, but Graham refuses to stop struggling. The cruel lines of Hannibal's claws carve into the Alpha's jawline, rather than his carotid artery. It draws blood, but not nearly

enough. Hannibal lets loose a murderous growl, ready to strike again, but the sound is almost instantly drowned out.

The look in Will's eyes is, in a word, wild. His pupils are blown so wide that they nearly eclipse his natural frigid blue. His face is contorted into an animalistic snarl, lips drawn back to show his fearsome fangs. A primal, awful roar rips from Will's throat, so fierce and frightening that Hannibal feels his own bones shudder. Hannibal's hips buck of their own accord, his subconscious responding all too eagerly to the powerful display.

The motion makes Hannibal suddenly aware of their position. His cunt rubs over Will's thigh, the Alpha's strong flesh sending sparks of pleasure through his oversensitive clit. A choked-off whine slips from Hannibal's mouth, every cell of his body demanding that Hannibal chase the contact and hump Will's leg like an untrained dog. Will reaches out, one hand wrapping around his hip like he means to hold Hannibal steady. Hannibal snaps his teeth behind his mask, hissing at the Alpha even as he ruts against him again.

Will's gaze flicks over Hannibal's face for a moment, his eyes narrowed with concentration. Searching him, deciding how best to handle the crazed thing in his lap. He must make up his mind quickly, because a moment later, Will is upon him.

Under any other circumstances, Hannibal has no doubt that he could rend Will Graham limb from bloody limb. Will is strong, of course, but Hannibal is an apex predator. It's the Heat that tips the proverbial scales in the Alpha's favor. Hannibal's affliction makes him sluggish, uncoordinated.

So it is that he ends up lying on his stomach on the floor of his cell, flushed cheek crushed to the hardwood with Will holding him down. Hannibal growls, immediately struggling to free himself, but Will holds him fast by the nape of his neck.
Will presses the pad of his thumb firmly into the swollen flesh near Hannibal's scent gland, and every bone in Hannibal's body goes limp. The Alpha massages the gland in soothing circles, shushing him like he's settling an unruly animal. Hannibal *feels* like an animal, like this. Like a beast that's been tranquilized. He keeps rumbling his displeasure, even as drool starts to drip from the corner of his mouth. It's been so long since he's had a Heat, he'd forgotten how sensitive his scent glands get, how *good* it feels for them to be touched like this. A shiver works its way up his spine, his growls slowly but surely lose their fury.

"That's it," Will drawls, the first words either of them have spoken since Will entered the cell. Hannibal paws at the floor, and Will shushes him again. "I've got you, Hannibal. I'm here, I'm not going anywhere."

Hannibal huffs through his nose, writhing a little under Will's expert touch. Will's other hand finds its way between Hannibal's legs, the tip of one calloused finger petting over his leaking slit.

"That's what you really want, isn't it?" Will prods. There's a roughness in his voice, now. A possessive growl of his own perched at the back of his throat. "Somebody who can handle you? Somebody who doesn't get scared?"

His fingers pet over Hannibal's sopping folds, tease his aching clit. They dip into his entrance, rubbing at his inner walls, and Hannibal gasps as his cunt tightens around the intrusion. "So wet," he murmurs, and Hannibal's hand balls into a fist as he trembles under the Alpha's touch.

Will's hand leaves Hannibal's neck, two fingers of the other still teasing him with slow, almost lazy thrusts. He leans closer, that intoxicating scent stubbornly refusing to let Hannibal's mind clear. He speaks near Hannibal's ear, low and surprisingly dangerous. Who *is* this man?

"I'm not afraid of you, Hannibal. Maybe I should be, but I'm not."

It might just be the swirl of hormones infesting Hannibal's skull, but Will even sounds like he means it. Hannibal whimpers, something between pain and longing, and lifts his hips into the Alpha's touch.

Hannibal can practically hear the self-satisfied smirk on Will's face. "There you go. That's better."

Something warm and fuzzy settles over Hannibal's thoughts. Will makes a space for himself between Hannibal's thighs, takes him by the hips and tugs at them until Hannibal is braced on his wobbling knees. He presses his hips to Hannibal's own, teasing him by rutting his thick cock against Hannibal's wet inner thigh.

"Now you just relax, and let me give you what you need."

Hannibal bites down hard on his lower lip, a desperate bid to keep the resulting whine at bay when Will starts sinking into his cunt. His cock is perfect, filling Hannibal up like his own fingers never could. Will curses as he slides his way in. It's obscenely easy, to the point that Hannibal feels himself blush. He can't help it, he's so wet, so open for Will's taking. He's never been like this with an Alpha before, with *anyone.*

Hazily, he wonders if it might be biological. If maybe there's a reason that Will's pheromones smell like everything Hannibal desires, why his touch raises tingling sparks on every inch of Hannibal's skin. It's hard to say with his thoughts swimming like this, but it *feels* like more than just the Heat. Like Will has something that Hannibal has always fundamentally needed, and both of them know it in the very backs of their minds.

And then Will angles his hips to drag his cock over Hannibal's g-spot, and he stops thinking entirely. The universe shrinks down to the space between Hannibal's thighs, the hot pleasure pooling in his core. Will fucks him hard and fast, no teasing or gloating now that he's got Hannibal exactly where he wants him. Hannibal moans, clawing at the floor in a blind search for an anchor.

Will's hands grip Hannibal's hips so tightly that he expects to find bruises there. He yanks Hannibal backward with every rough thrust, dragging him onto his cock so deep that it punches the air from Hannibal's lungs. It takes Hannibal longer than it should to realizes that he's moaning like a whore, now— high keens and low groans and mortifying, needy little

mewls that seem to echo all around him. They spur Will on, make him grunt and growl and fuck Hannibal until stars start bursting behind his eyes.

When Hannibal lets slip a particularly wanton whimper, Will groans, grinding his cock deep into Hannibal's cunt with thorough rolls of his hips. "Fuck," Will huffs, one of his hands shifting to grope Hannibal's ass. "That feel good, darlin'?"

Just hearing that loose, labored drawl from above is enough to make Hannibal's clit throb. He's too far gone to be humiliated, all he feels is *need.* "Good," he echoes, eyes rolling as the Alpha fucks him into the floor. "More, I- I need more." He digs his fangs into his tongue to keep the word *please* from passing his lips, but it's there. God, he feels like he's drowning. He reaches blindly behind himself, searching for a piece of Will to hold onto before he can sink through the floor.

Will snatches at Hannibal's questing hand, pins it harshly to the ground. He must understand Hannibal's wordless plea for contact, because the Alpha drops to cover Hannibal's body with his own. Will's toned chest presses to Hannibal's quivering spine, sweat mingling between them as they move. One of Will's arms wraps tight around Hannibal's waist, crushing him to Will's body like he can't get him close enough. The other fits itself against Hannibal's pinned hand, fingers slipping themselves into the spaces between Hannibal's own.

Will's breaths pant over the sensitive flesh of Hannibal's nape, his mouth dragging wet and hot over Hannibal's shoulder. Through the daze, it strikes Hannibal as awfully unprofessional. He realizes then, though he's far too deep to do anything about it, that Will is losing his grip. His self-control is slipping, letting his true Alpha to the surface. This isn't just a service anymore, not to Will.

"W-What're you doing to me?" Will slurs in his ear, and nips at the fleshy shell with deadly fangs. "I can't— God, you smell so fucking good."

The room has become painfully bright, Hannibal pupils so dilated that it hurts to look at anything but his and Will's joined hands. Will's scent has all but suffocated him, turning hotter, sharper by the second. It's building into something *dangerous* now, blunt and cruel, like something biblical. He smells like Rut.

Hannibal's breathing is ragged, sharp and shallow. When Will's knot starts swelling, Hannibal almost worries he might faint from the wild pounding in his chest.

Will's claws dig into the meat of Hannibal's side, gripping onto him so tightly that he pierces skin and Hannibal's blood starts drooling onto his fingers. His hips slam into Hannibal's, his cock repeatedly striking his g-spot while his knot grows with every frantic, savage thrust. "Gonna cum," Will says around a heady growl. "Gonna knot you so fucking deep, make you mine."
The possessiveness in his words makes Hannibal's cunt throb around Will's cock, and Will lets out a guttural moan. Will's knot catches, his hips rabbiting with a feral need to bury himself as deep inside Hannibal as he can possibly get. Another roar crawls from the Alpha's throat, and then suddenly everything goes white.

Hannibal is overwhelmed by the thunderous tide of sensation that washes over him. His ears ring like a bomb has gone off nearby, his muscles seize and spasm, he's fairly certain that he's screaming. Slick gushes from him with every shuddering wave of his orgasm, making an obscene mess on his cell's floor. Heat floods his cunt, Will's release filling him almost more than he can bear.

Then the pain bursts through. Two points of burning, blinding pain, just beneath his jaw.

Will is still bucking into Hannibal's cunt, riding the crest of his orgasm for all it's worth. His fangs sink deeper into Hannibal's scent gland with his motions, the Omega's blood bubbling up to greet Will's eager mouth. Will moans against the wound, lips closing around his ruined flesh and suckling the blood from it like he's never known a sweeter taste.

Hannibal can't stop shaking. The feeling of Will's teeth in his throat is enough to make him feel close to coming all over again, his thoughts are utterly useless in the face of it. Eventually, his knees give out. He collapses on the floor, Will body still draped atop him.

The cell is silent, now, save for their gasping breaths. Will can't seem to drag himself away from Hannibal's bite, tirelessly mouthing at it and lapping at the blood with a hot, tenacious tongue. The room spins. Drunk on endorphins, Hannibal smiles.

"You're finished, Will Graham," he croaks, his voice thoroughly wrecked. Will just lets out a low moan, too preoccupied with the wound to reply. "You've ruined your career. No one will ever want to hire you again, not now that you've mated yourself to a client. You've destroyed yourself."

That must get through to him, because Will pulls away from Hannibal's throat. His body sags, crushing Hannibal into the ground. It feels unfairly good, better than physical closeness ever has. Will rests his forehead on Hannibal's shoulder, struggling hard to catch his breath.

Hannibal licks his lips, swallows. "I have money," he whispers, and reaches clumsily behind himself to run his fingers through Will's sweat-drenched hair. "More money than you could ever need, enough that we'd never have to work again. I could take you somewhere far away, where no one would ever find us."

From the corner of his eye, Hannibal sees Will look at him over his shoulder. His eyes are clear, beautiful. Deadly. Hannibal never imagined himself as the type to find a mate and fall in love, but he's quickly warming to the idea.

"All you have to do is help me escape."

End Notes

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